

Pink Clouds

Superchunk

Well, it's late, the clouds are turning pink
And I don't think these skies will clear
Well, you're tired and you're leaning on the sink
I think you want me out of here

And I could leave right now
Well, I could leave right now

But it was you that asked me here this time
Breathless and hardly forgiving
And you lined up the bottles of wine
Disaster in the winds, just laughing

And I could leave right now
Well, I could leave right now

But there's snow on your cheek and the light's getting weak
Don't you think we should turn around?
Yeah, the moon's coming up and I know that you're tough
But it's a long way into town
Yeah, there's snow on your cheek and the light's getting weak
Don't you think we should turn around?
Don't you think we should turn around?

Well, with the sun and the mercury sunk
I picture quite a different scene
Slowly and methodically drunk
But it's clear that we're skating to the end of the stream

And I should leave right now
Well, I should leave right now

Hands on the table throwing dice
Hands on your knee folded tight
Well, there's black ice and look at shivers
On your windows like outlines in the night

Well, I should leave right now
I won't leave right now

But there's snow on your cheek and the light's getting weak
Don't you think we should turn around?
Yeah, the wind's riding up and I know that you're tough
It's a long way into town
Yeah there's snow on your cheek and the light's getting weak
Don't you think we should turn around?
Don't you think we should turn around?